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To Whom She Said “Yes.”
 “Will you take Lady Garby downstairs to supper, Frank? Miss Aubrey, you can cease playing for the present, and I will see that some refreshments are sent to you.”
 “If you had told me that you wanted musicians, Verna, I would have sent you some from our band,” Frank Lyssendon said, as he reluctantly followed her.
 “Cruelty, Frank. If you knew how poor these Aubreys are, how acceptable the guinea was to her, and how I will see that some refreshments are sent to you.”
 “Way not? She is treated as one of themselves by the Strebyas.”
 Verna smiled satirically.
 “Ah! one never feels surprised at anything done at The Beeches. What an eccentric family they are!”
 “Are they, really? Then I shall try and cultivate them, though they do contrive to offend one’s prejudices continually. But Lady Garby is waiting for us.”
 Frank felt himself felled; but he handed the lady confined to his care to the supper-table, saw that her chair was placed out of the draught of the door, contrived to smuggle Capt. Vinson into the seat to which Verna had beckoned him, and then returned to the drawing-room.

No one was there but Eden and Flip, who had discovered that something was amiss, and stayed behind to question her friend, who was parrying her questions as well as she could.
 “My darling Flip,” he exclaimed, as soon as he saw her, “will you do me one favor?”
 “My precious Frank, I’ll do you fifty if they won’t inconvenience me,” Miss Phillippa Streyby coolly replied.
 “In a moment she had hurried to the piano.
 “Well, then, you dearest of girls, play your prettiest waltz con spirito, I have pledged myself to dance with Miss Aubrey, and I don’t mean to be worse than my word.”
 “But, Frank, stop and listen!” cried Flip, clutching hold of his coat.
 “There’s only one waltz that I can play without my notes—one old-fashioned thing that was in my instruction book, and is called ‘Love’s Ritzornella.’ I never could learn, as you ought to know, who has heard me trying so often on the poor old instrument we pounded to death in Montreal.”
 “That signifies,” replied the young officer, gaily, “‘Love’s Ritzornella’ is the identical tune I am longing to dance to, so pray, go on.”
 But now Eden protested that she no longer wished to dance.
 “Very well,” said Frank, resignedly; “then please make my excuses to Mrs. Mersthams, for I shall go back to Aldeby at once. I only came here to-night because you promised to waltz with me. Unkind E—Miss Aubrey, to refuse me the dance I hurried to Eastham at this hour to claim!”
 His arm was round her; Flip counting loudly one, two, three—one, two, three!” was ready to begin; and the next instant Eden found herself lightly circling the spacious apartment, the breath of Frank Lyssendon fanning her burning temples as he bent towards her.
 Flip played on and on, in spite of some regrets that she had lost her supper, and Eden felt no fatigue until she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Mersthams standing at the door gazing at her and her partner.
 But Frank Lyssendon coolly ignored the lady’s look of displeasure, and, pausing, cried:
 “You are just in time, Verna. I have promised Miss Aubrey a scottische, and Flip does not know one. Come and play it for us.”
 “I never play dance music,” said Mrs. Mersthams, in freezing tones.
 “Then I will go and find Venetia. I am sure she will oblige me.”
 But Eden’s low, earnest voice reached his ear, and arrested him. It was only he who heard her murmur:
 “Pray don’t do anything that may make me conspicuous!”
 “But Mrs. Mersthams bit her lip with jealous rage as she saw how a whisper from this girl brought him back directly, smiling into the eyes that felt beneath his ardent glances.
 “If I may not dance with you any more, I may take you down to supper,” he exclaimed.
 “And me, too!” said Flip, slipping her arm into his. “If you knew how dread-

fully hungry I am, you’d pity me!”
 Mrs. Mersthams moved away lest her vexation should betray itself, and the young man led his fair companions downstairs, where a piece of silver slipped into a footman’s hand secured them a recherche meal, served in a small room adjoining the one which the guests, who had banqueted royally, were beginning to desert.
 Flip ate with a relish, and talked and laughed while she sipped the champagne brought to her by the civil attendant; but Eden was in a state of excitement, and declined everything that was offered to her. She could neither eat nor drink at Verna Mersthams’s table; but she dipped her handkerchief into a little fountain of scented water, and cooled the cheeks that burned painfully every time she recalled the anticipations of pleasure with which she had looked forward to this evening, and how bitterly she had been humiliated.
 “You shall not go back to that hot, crowded room,” said Frank Lyssendon, who was watching her. “If they want to dance again, let them play for themselves. You have a headache—I am sure of it.”
 “Yes, I should be glad to go home. If one of the servants would find my cloak, I would slip away at once; but Eden, who could not endure the thought of returning in Mrs. Mersthams’s carriage.”
 “I will go and find it myself,” he cried, springing away directly.
 “And I will tell Mrs. M. you don’t feel well enough to stay any longer,” said Flip, running away too.
 But as she left the room by one door, Verna entered by another, to say that the Misses Tibbets wished to leave as soon as the carriage could be brought round, and Eden had better accompany them.
 “Here is the customary fee for your evening’s work, Miss Aubrey. You must try to play with more precision,

A Precious Bundle!

Life and the Many Things Which Go to Make It Up
 —Rev. Dr. Talmage’s Unique Sermon.
 Washington, March 7.—Rev. Dr. Talmage on Sunday morning preached from the text: I, Samuel xxv., 29. “The soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God.” He said:
 Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic plea for the rescue of her inebriate husband, who died within ten days, addresses David the warrior in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically and intellectually and spiritually, is a valuable bundle, divinely bound up and to be divinely protected. That phrase, “bundle of life” I heard many times in my father’s family prayers, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was a Bible phrase. Now that I think of it I get the better of it. It is such a simple and unpretending, yet expressive comparison. There is nothing like grandiloquence in the Scriptures. While there are many sublime passages in Holy Writ, there are more passages homely and drawing illustrations from common observation and everyday life. In Christ’s great sermon you hear a hen clucking her chickens together and see the photograph of hypocrites with a sad countenance, and hear of the grass of the field, and the black crows which our Heavenly Father feeds, and the salt that is worthless, and the precious stones flung under the feet of swine, and the shifting sand that lets down the hoary with a great crash, and hear the comparison of the text, the most unpoetical thing we can think of—a bundle. Ordinarily it is something tossed about, something thrown under the table, something that suggests garters or something on the shoulder of a poor wayfarer. What then are bundles of great value, bundles put up with great caution, bundles the loss of which means consternation and despair, and there have been bundles representing the worth of a kingdom.
 With what beautiful aptitude did Abigail, in my text, speak of the bundle of life! Oh, what a precious bundle is life! Bundle of memories, bundle of hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of destinies! Bundle of memories are you? Boyhood memories, with all its joys and its pleasures? Memories of all its games with ball and bat and kite and sled. Manhood memories, with all your struggles in starting—obstacles, oppositions, accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes. Memories of the first marriage, or the first solemnized union of the first grave you ever saw opened, of the first mighty wrong you ever suffered, of the first victory you ever gained. Memory of the hour when you were affianced, memory of the first advent in your home, memory of the roses that faded and of blue eyes closed in the last sleep, memory of anthem and dirge, memory of great pain and of slow convalescence, memory of times when all things were against you, memory of prosperities that came and went, or of the fall of the sea, memories of a lifetime. What a bundle!
 Bundle of hopes and ambitions also is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will harvest, or what reputation he will achieve, or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win.
 Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think—to think of the past and through all the future to think upward and higher—and to think downward until there is no lower abyss to fathom. Power to think right, power to think wrong, power to think forever, for, once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and earnestly itself shall have no power to bid halt. Faculties to love—filial love, conjugal love, parental love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enlightenment or choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David, and which we ought to see in every human, yet immortal being!
 Know, also, that this bundle of life was put up with great care. Any merchant and almost any faithful household will tell you how much depends on the way a bundle is bound.
 Now, I have to tell you that this bundle of life is well put together—the body, the mind, the soul. Who but the omnipotent God could bind such a bundle? Anatomists, physiologists, physicists, logicians, metaphysicians,

or I am afraid you will never be able to earn your living as a pianist.”
 “Go on, play for me,” said Eden, trying to speak as coldly as Mrs. Mersthams herself. “The very generous treatment I have received from you, madame, is the only payment I can consent to accept.”
 “I thought I had made you understand that I never lie under obligations to persons in your class,” said Verna; and putting the money on the table, she immediately quitted the room, to expedite the departure of the girl whose fascination she was beginning to dread.
 CHAPTER XIV.
 The bride that had sustained Eden as long as she was in the presence of Mrs. Mersthams forsook her as soon as the lady disappeared, and when Capl Lyssendon came back with her cloak, she could not trust herself to thank him, lest she should break into a fit of weeping.
 She was very young, and not inured to such mortifications as she had endured that evening. The very thought of having to go home despoiled, and confess to her mother that she had enjoyed none of the pleasures she had counted upon, added keenness to what she already felt, and when she desired the servant to find her dress, she was glad to prefer to walk home, her voice was so unsteady that she could scarcely make herself heard.
 Frank Lyssendon bowed over the hand she silently gave him; and then stood back and let her pass out into the darkness of the night.
 Perhaps he saw that she could not bear a word of remonstrance; but Eden only felt, with acute anguish, that the servant to find her dress, she was glad to prefer to walk home, her voice was so unsteady that she could scarcely make herself heard.

(To be Continued)



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 In oak and mahogany, wood and brass trimmings, in all sizes. Brass Sash rods, extension, at each, 10c, 15c, and 25c

Veiling
 Fine fish-net Veiling, plain, black, colored dots, and browns, 15c a yard; Saturday and Monday at 10c.
 All the newest shades, combinations and styles in Nets and Chiffons, from 15c up to 40c a yard.
Shelf Paper
 Fancy Perforated Shelf Paper, all colors, 2 dozen for 5c

holly sarcasm that Elijah used when he told the idolaters of Baal to pray louder, saying that their god might be asleep, or talking, or on a journey, or gone a hunting. But our God is always wide awake, and always hears, and is always close by, and to him a whisper of prayer is as loud as an archangel’s trumpet, and a child’s “Now I lay me down to sleep” is as easily heard by him as the prayer of the great Scotchman amid the Highlands when pursued by Lord Claverhouse’s miscreants. The Covenanters said, “O Lord, east of the lap of thy cloak about these children of the covenant,” and a mountain fog instantly hid the pursued from their bloodthirsty pursuers. We want a God close by.
 Know also that this bundle of life will be gladly received when it comes to the door of the mansion for which it was bound and plainly directed. With what alacrity and glee we await some package that has been foretold by letter; some testimony of admiration and affection; With what glow of expectation we untie the knot and take off the cord. Well, what a day it will be when your precious bundle of life shall be opened in the “house of many mansions” amid saintly and angelic and divine inspection! And with what shouts of joy the bundle of life will be greeted by the voices of the heavenly home circle!
 In our anxiety at last to reach heaven we are apt to lose sight of the glee or welcome that awaits us if we get in at all. We all have friends up there. They will somehow hear that we are coming. We will soon know all our neighbors, kingly, queenly, prophetic, apostolic, seraphic, archangelic. The precious bundle of life opened amid palaces and grand marches and acclamations. They will all be so glad we have got safely through. Once there it will be found that the safety of that precious bundle of life was assured because it was bound up with the life of God in Jesus Christ. Heaven could not afford to have that bundle lost, because it had been said in regard to its transportation and safe arrival, “Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation.” Let anyone should doubt, the God who cannot lie smites his omnipotent hand on the side of his throne, and takes affidavit, declaring, “As I live, said the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth.” Oh! I cannot tell you how I feel about it, the thought is so glorious.
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 Full Lonsdale finish, perfect fit, embroidery trimmed, finished with finishing braid, regular 25c, for 19c
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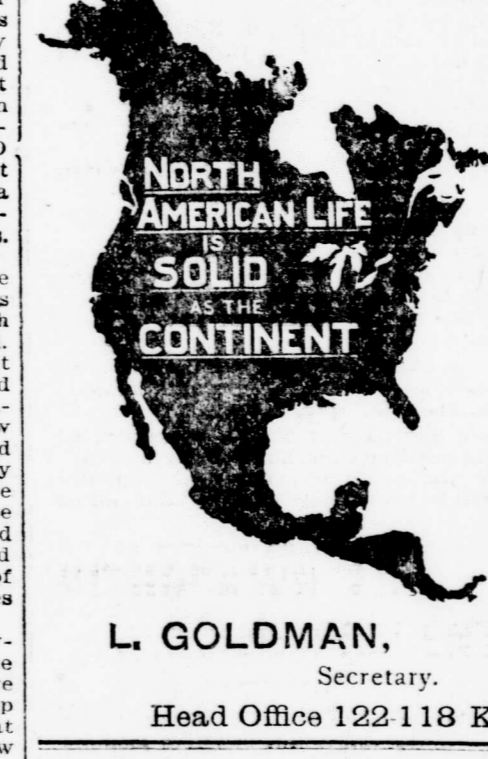
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 English Cambric, in blues, grays and navys, full front, trimmed yokes, pointed cuffs, rolling collar, full back, fitted lining, deep hem, all fast colors; regular \$1.25, for 97c
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